Spirit.

to the tree of life, (Chriſt Jeſus our Lord) and enter in through the gates of the City, *Ioh.*20.14.

But the righteous hath hope in his death; and he that hath the hope purifyeth himſelfe as he is pure, *Pro.* 24.32. 1 *Iohn* 3.3.

—them the members of an Harlot? God forbid, 1 *Cor.*6.15.

—The tongue of a ſwearer? &c. *Pſal.* 12.4. *Mat.*5.37.

—Sinne, is no member of Chriſt Jeſus, but———

—and has no part in the Myſticall union of Chriſt and his Church, *Rom.* 6,13.14.

FINIS.

¶ A deuoute Intercessyon and prayer, to our sauyour Jesu Chryste.

[? 1550]

Moste mercy full Jesu, my swete sauyour, and mooste gracyous Lorde god. I thanke the hyghly for that thou hast create and made me of noughte/ & for thy manyfolde benefytes & graces that thou haste gyuen vnto me here in this Worlde before many other / nat onely preseruynge me, from all vyle & loothsome syckenes. from shame and many myshortunes, but also gyuynge vnto me most vnworthy many great and inrecompensable gyftes. All whiche gyftes moste swete Jesu, I wote verely and knowledge meekely commeth of thy goodnes onely, and

nothing of my deseruing, Wher
fore most myghty lorde god, my
creatour, my redemer, and most
mercifull sauyour Jesu Christe,
Whiche When We Were loste /
bought and redemed vs agayn
With thyne owne precious blod
haue mercy of me moste vnwor
thyest Wretche, Whiche hath cō
mytted and done manye great
synnes and trespasses agaynst
thy mercyfull goodnesse, & hath
misspēt thy gyftes of grace, that
thou so louyngly dyd gyue vn
to me, & hath so vngentylly be
haued my selfe to the, that sure
ly I am moche vnworthy to be
called thy sone, yet most benyng
lorde Jesu, thou arte so bounty
full of thy mercy, and pytie that

natwithstandyng my vnkyndenes toward the, yet duryng myne lyfe I wyll put myne hole trust & cõfydẽce in thy mercy. For thou cõmaundest (I wote) to crye & call vpon the, that thou therby myghte haue occasyon to gyue vnto vs thy most gracyous gyftes. Wherfore moste gloryous Jhesu whiche forsakest no synner, but gladly receyuest to thy mercy all thẽ that mekely wyll call for it. Gyue me nowe & euer grace to drede the, to loue the, & to serue the / with all myne herte and mynde, with all myne wyll & reasõ, with al myne myght power and strength of body and soule. And graũt me good lorde that of all myne actes & dedes done

to thy wyl and pleasure, I may
render al the honour, laude, and
prayseynges vnto the / as vnto
whom of very dewtye it belon-
geth. And nowe I beseche the
moste gracious lord, of thyne in
fynyte mercy, let all my myssp&etilde;t
lyfe in tymes paste be forgotten
before the that I haue cõsumed
and spent very yll, and send me
good perseuerañce of vertuous
lyuyng, that I may now from
henskorthe ordre my lyfe here in
this worlde to thy plesure. Fyrst
with cõtrycion to make a clene
and a pure confessyon. Also my
swete sauiour grau˜t me tyme &
space here to do penañce & dew
satysfaccyon with all theyr cyr-
cumstaunces belonging therto.

And that I maye receyue thy
holy body in fourme of breed ve
ry God & man, or I departe out
of this world in cleane lyfe. For
the comforte & saluacyon of my
synfull soule. And most mercy-
full Jesu I pray the to preserue
me from sodeyn deth, & send me
my ryght mynde at my depar-
tynge, With stedfaste fayth, very
trewe hope, & feruent charyte, &
moste swete lorde Jesu Chryste
gyue me now thy merciful ayde
and grace to pursue & folow al-
wayes thy wyll & cõmaũdemẽ-
tes, and to eschewe myne owne
frayle wyl & desyres/ and the de
uylles false entysementes. So
that in thy syght I may appere
to be as I am named thy sone,

and a trewe chrysten man. And that after this lyfe I may come to the syght of thy moste glory-ous face in heuen. Amen. Pater noster Aue maria. Credo.

Iesus nazarenus rex iudeorū. Titulus triūphalis defēdat nos ab omnibus malis, Amen. ℣ Sancte deus. ℟ Sancte fortis. Sancte et immortalis, miserere nobis.

℣ We worshyp the Chryst with prayse and benediction.
For thou redemest the worlde throughe thy passion. ℟ Pray we.

LOrde Jesu Chryste goodes sone of heuen, set thy passiō thy crosse, & thy deathe, betwyxt thy iugemēt & our soules nowe, & in the houre of our deth. And vouchesafe to gyue to lyuynge men, mercye & grace, & to deade